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The following, from the 'Wonderful Museum,' is of such a singular nature, and filled with such a train of moving circumstances, that it cannot fail of being agreeable to our readers, and warming their hearts with the most noble sentiments of friendship and humanity:

Two Merchants, who lived in the same street at Paris, were very intimate friends, concerned in the same branch of trade, and possessed of pretty equal fortunes. The one had a son and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age, whose reciprocal love for one another was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorised by both their parents, who observed with pleasure the dispositions of their children exactly suited to the intention they had of making them husband and wife. A marriage was accordingly on the point of being concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues made his addresses to the young lady. The delusive charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution of bestowing her on their neighbour's son; and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector: but the engagement was fatal to her happiness, and brought on a melancholy, which threw her into a disorder, whereby her senses were so locked up that she was taken for dead, and accordingly interred. The affecting news reached the ears of her first lover, who remembering that she had once been seized with a violent paroxysm of a lethargy, flattered himself that her late misfortune might be produced by the same cause. This opinion alleviated his sorrow; and induced him to bribe the sexton by whose assistance he raised her from the grave, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly think of, he happily restored her to life. We may imagine the lady was not a little surprised, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover standing by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her. The love she had always born him, and a grateful sense of the obligation she was now under to him as her deliverer, pleaded strongly in his behalf; and she justly concluded, that her life belonged to him who had preserved it. To convince him, therefore, of her affection, when she was perfectly recovered, she went along with him to England, where they lived several years in all the happiness resulting from mutual love. However, about ten years afterwards, they returned to Paris, imagining that nobody would ever suspect what had happened; but one day the collector unfortunately met the lady in a public walk, and not only accosted her, but, notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to deceive him, parted from her, fully persuaded that she was the very woman whom he had married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. In a word, he soon discovered her apartment, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, and claimed her as his wife in the court of judicature. In vain did her lover insist on the right he had to her, arising from the care he had taken to preserve her. In vain did he urge, that without the measures he had used, the lady would have been rotting in her grave; that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred; and all the other arguments that the sincerest love could suggest: so that perceiving the court was not likely to prove favourable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and accordingly made his escape with the lady to a foreign country, where their love continued sacred and inviolable as long as life remained.

A gentleman travelling in foreign parts happened to be benighted far from any place of accommodation. To avoid the dreariness of the night in a strange place he thought it advisable to seek for some shelter, and having discovered a cave he dismounted his horse, which he fastened by the bridle on the outside of the cave, and then went in and laid himself down in his clothes, and being very much fatigued fell asleep, nor did he awake till the daylight appeared, when, to his astonishment, he found himself suspended by his heels to the roof of the cave. He made many efforts to free himself from so disagreeable a situation, when at length he shuffled his legs out of his boots, and come to the ground almost stunned by the fall, when looking up he discovered the cause of this disaster was owing to the cave being formed out of a rock of loadstone, and he unfortunately having steel spurs on, was attracted in the manner described; and some say his boots are hanging there yet.

Traveling in former days.—The following paragraph, from a Portsmouth paper, published long before railroads and steamboats were thought of in this section of the country, and when our stage coaches and turnpikes were the wonders of the day, affords a striking indication of the great change which has been effected in the progress of transportation:

April 20, 1761, John Stavers commenced running a stage from this town to Boston. The carriage was a curricle drawn by two horses, and was sufficiently wide to carry three passengers. It left the town on Monday morning, and proceeded as far as Ipswich on the first day, and reached Charlestown ferry the next afternoon. In returning, it left Charlestown on Thursday, and arrived here on Friday. The fare from this place to Boston was thirteen shillings and six pence, equal to three dollars. It is supposed that this was the first stage ever run in America.

'I wonder how any person can eat his breakfast before reading a newspaper,' said an old borrower of this article. 'I wonder how any one can eat his breakfast, after reading a borrowed paper,' said his more conscientious wife.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A young merchant, of Marseilles, was seized with the symptoms of the Plague, just as the day had been fixed which was to unite him to his mistress. Some difficulties had been thrown in the way of the union by a crabbed guardian; and many hours had not elapsed from their removal, and every thing being settled, (which the lover hastened to see done with the greatest impatience) when the terrible spots appeared that were to cut him off from communion with the unaffected. It is supposed that the obstacles in the first instance, and the hurry afterwards, threw his blood into a ferment, which exasperated the attack. He wished to make light of the matter, and go about his ordinary concerns; but the strangeness of his sensations, and the thought of the peril that he might bring to his mistress, soon made him give up his pretensions. He said that his horror at first inclined him to cry aloud, to tear his hair, and dash himself against the wall of the room; but the thoughts of her again controlled him, and he resolved to go through every thing as patiently as might be, lest he should add to his chances of losing her. He sent her a message to that effect, bidding her be of good heart; and then in a passion of tears, which he resolved should be his last, but which, he said, seemed to give him a wonderful kind of support, betook himself to his prayers, and so to his bed.

He was soon left alone with none but an old nurse to attend him; but as he did not sleep, and the good woman, observing him tranquil, slept a great deal, he thought next day he might as well rise and go into the garden for a little air. The garden, though in the city, was a very pretty one, and as it abutted on some grounds, belonging on one side to a church, and on the other to a field, where they shot at butts, was removed both from sight and noise, and might be called even solitary. He found himself alarmingly weak; and the air, instead of relieving, seemed to bring the heat of an oven with it; but there were grass and roses; and he thought it would add to the grace of his memory with her he loved, if he died in so sweet a spot, rather than in the house.

Besides, he could not bear to think of dying in what he hoped would have been his bridal bed. These reflections made him again shed tears in spite of himself, and he lay down on a bench under a tree, wishing he could melt away in that tender despair. The young gentleman guessed that he had lain in this way a good hour, during which he had a sleep that a little refreshed him, when he heard himself called by his name. He thought it was the nurse, and looked towards the house, but saw nobody. The name was repeated twice, the last time with the addition of an epithet of tenderness, which he knew could come from no such person. His heart began to beat, and his ear guiding him truly to the voice, which he now recognized, he saw on the top of the wall, nearly opposite to him, and under a tree which overhung it from the outside, his beloved mistress, holding with one hand on a bough, and with the other supporting herself in the posture of one who intended to come down.

"Oh, Richard," said she, "what a blessing to find you here, and nobody to hinder me! I have cheated them, and slunk away—my love—my life!"

Our lover said these last words had a wonderful effect on him. With all her tenderness, his betrothed bride had never yet indulged it so far to utter such '*conjugal*' words. (That was his phrase.) He said they seemed to give her a right to join him; and they filled him with such love and gratitude, that the very languor of his illness became confounded with a bewitching pleasure. He confessed, that the dread of her being infected, though it still recurred to him, was much fainter than before. However, he the more thought it was his duty to urge it, and did so. But the lady had no such dread. She had come on purpose to brave it. In vain he spoke as loudly as he could, and rose up and began to drag his steps towards her; in vain he made signs to her not to descend.

"Dearest Richard!" said she, "if you cannot help me down, it is but an easy jump, and do you think any thing will induce me to go back? I am come to nurse you and make you happy."

"You will die," said the lover in a faint voice—now arriving within hearing, and still making signs of refusal.

"Oh, no; Heaven will bless us," cried she, "I will NOT go back, mark me; I will not, indeed; I cannot, much less now I have seen you, and in that sick gown. But I see you cannot help me down. You are unable. Therefore I come."

With the words she made the jump, and the next minute was supporting him in her arms. She put her arms round him, and took his repelling hand into hers, and raising herself, kissed him on the mouth, saying, "now I belong to you. Let me seat you on the bench, and get you some drink. I am your wife now, and your dear servant, and your nurse." Their eyes were filled with tears, and the lover could only lift his head towards Heaven, as much as to say that "they should at all events live there."

Not being able to reach the bench, he sat down in a thicket of roses. The young lady went to get him some drink, and she returned with the news that she had waked the astonished nurse, and sent to tell her guardian where she was. Nobody could be expected to venture to come and fetch her away, and he did not.

The lover told the gentleman who had these particulars from the guardian, that this behaviour of his betrothed wife, put him in a state so new and transporting, that he conceived an alteration of his blood must have taken place very speedily after her return from the house; for though he could hardly bear his delight, he began manifestly to get better within an hour afterwards. The lady never received the infection. Their friends said she would, and that two would die instead of one. The physician prophesied otherwise.—Neither the lover nor his mistress, however, would quit their retreat, till all doubt of the possibility of infecting others was more than done away.

In the course of six weeks they were MAN and WIFE; and my acquaintance told me, not as many days ago, that they were still living, and a pattern of love and esteem.

Mighty Slim.—There is an editor in Vermont who is so extremely thin that if a harpoon was thrown at him it would be split from end to end. This must be the same chap who was so slim that two men couldn't see him at the same time.

From the London Spectator.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

BY THE REV. ORVILLLE DEWEY, LATE OF NEW BEDFORD, U. S.

[Extracts.]

December 12.—I have been to-day through the museum of the Capitol again, and have become a convert entirely to the common opinion about the Dying Gladiator. The truth is, I did not take time enough before, and especially not enough of mental time, which is quietness, ease of mind, leisure of the thoughts, to receive the impression. The gladiator has fallen; but with the last effort of his unconquerable resolution, he supports himself with his right hand and arm, and seems to contemplate his sad fate with firmness, but with a feeling of inexpressible bitterness. It is not, however, the bitterness of anger; for death is in his face, and it has tamed down the fiercer passions, and left no expression inconsistent with its own all-subduing power. Though he appears as if he might be a man of an humble and hard lot, yet there is a delicacy spread over the stronger features of his countenance, that makes it almost beautiful; you feel as if there were more than the whiteness of the marble in his pale cheek. But while he thus yields to his fate, while the blood flows from his wounded side, and the pulses of life are faint and low, yet he still sustains himself; his hand is firm and strong; his brow is gathered into an expression of unconquerable resolution, as well as of unavailing regret; and although, when you look at the parted lips, it seems as if you could almost *hear* the hard breathing that issues from them, yet about the mouth there is, at the same time, the finest expression of indomitable will and invincible fortitude. In short, this is the triumph of the mind over the sinkings of nature in its last hour. Every thing here invites your respect, rather than your pity; and even if you should find yourself giving a tear to the dying gladiator, you will feel that it is given quite as much to admiration as to sympathy,

BEGGARS IN DUBLIN.

Dublin is indeed a fine city, and filled with noble mansions and showy equipages; but alas! all is marred by this dismal-looking population. Full half that I meet in the streets are very shabbily dressed, many in rags,—the boys would collect in America, and the very dogs would bark at spectacles that pass me every moment; men and women on every side begging; women with children in their arms, imploring charity for God's sake; yes, innocent childhood is here involved in the common mass of misery, and that is the hardest of it to the spectator. Indeed, I have seldom seen any thing more striking or touching than a child sleeping in its mother's arms amid all this surrounding turmoil of distress. It is actually picturesque, if one may say so: the image of repose amid noise and turbulence; innocence amid vice and wretchedness; unconscious ease on the bosom of suffering; helplessness imploring even more pathetically than the wan and haggard features of maternal solicitude. No doubt, there is a good deal of acting in this system of beggary. For instance, I saw a little girl last evening seated on the curb-stone of the side-walk, and holding in her arms a sleeping infant, but holding a candle at the same time so as to exhibit the infant to the best advantage. This is going on the stage pretty early. What the receipts were I do not know, but they doubtless expected to be repaid the outlay of lights and wardrobe and something more.

GENERAL ASPECT OF BELGIUM.

The change in passing from France to Belgium at Baisieux, just before entering Tournay, is very striking; altogether in favor of Belgium as to neatness, comfortable appearance of living, and houses; though I thought there was rather a Flemish heaviness about the faces of the people, neater and more comfortable as they were.

Every where on the route, but especially in Belgium, the women seemed to do as much and hard and various work as the men: they tramp about in wooden shoes, which adds a double appearance of heaviness to their movements, and almost of slavery to their condition. The country is very rich and well cultivated; but it impressed me with a strange feeling of melancholy all the while, for there seemed nothing in it but toil and its fruits; no intelligence, apparently, in the general countenance; no leisure, no agreeable looking country houses, or cottages embowered with trees; no gardens with people walking or sitting in them; no person having the air of gentlemen or ladies riding or walking out as we entered or left the villages and cities; and the cities and villages not wearing an inviting aspect, with close narrow streets, irregular, old, obstinately fixed in stone against all improvement, and filled with men, women, and children, without one being of attractive appearance among them—almost without *one*.

CONTINENTAL BEGGARS.

The people generally look more contented than our people. It would seem, from appearances, as if there could not be much want among them; and yet there are many beggars. There is not the sentiment of shame about begging that there would be with us. Beggar boys and girls, very comfortably clad, too, will join the carriage and run along, singing out, in a plaintive tone, "Un sous, Monsieur, pour charité:" apparently calculating that importunity will succeed though all other appeals fail. There is certainly something very touching in the tones of the French tongue. I have seldom felt any thing of this sort more than the plea of a poor fellow I met in Litchfield, (Eng.) I said to him, for he was a young man, "You look as if you could work." He seemed to understand my objection; and I am sure he annihilated it, as, the tears coming to his eyes, he said, "Je suis étranger, pauvre, malade." And yet what to do, one knows not; for this indiscriminate giving must be bad, and this unscrupulous asking and clamorous importunity are shocking.

Three great Physicians.—The bedside of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent physicians of Paris, who affected to believe that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. 'Gentlemen, said Dumoulin, 'you are in error—I shall leave behind me three distinguished physicians.' Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered, *Water, Exercise, and Diet.*

From the Knickerbocker.

FIRE.*

It was perhaps half an hour after the usual drawling voice of the city watchman had sleepily proclaimed, 'Past twelve o'clock!' that I laid aside the book which I had been perusing, according to my usual custom, in bed, and giving one turn to the argand-lamp on the table at my side, extinguished its now somewhat lessening flame, and applied myself in earnest to seek the sleep which I would willingly have deferred for another hour, had not experience taught me that a giddy brain is always the next day's punishment for such disregard of one of nature's laws. Scarcely, however, had I began to lose the train of causes and events that was carrying me again through the scenes of which I had just been reading, when I was recalled to perfect consciousness by the startling cry immediately under my window, five times repeated: '*Fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!*' It was not the short shrill voice of boyhood, nor the hurried, half-articulated shout of one who runs, but slow, clear, and distinct. I sprang from my bed, and threw up my window. The night, though cold, was beautiful. The moon was in the midst of her course, and shone down upon the earth from an unclouded sky; and here and there a spire, coated with glistening metal, reflected back her chilling rays, like the demon of winter shooting his icicles around. Not a sound was to be heard in the streets; not a hoof nor wheel resounded on the pavement; and the smooth and compact *trottoir*, which in a still night gives warning to a whole square, if so much as a dog tread heavily upon it, was silent as the flags of a sepulchre. One only sound broke in at intervals of half a minute upon this solemn stillness. It was the repeated shout of that same rich trumpet voice, '*Fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!*'

I looked in the direction from whence it came, but was unable for several minutes, as he stood in the deep shadow, to catch the motionless figure of the watchman who was startling the echoes by that wild cry, which seemed to come forth from the bowels of the earth, like the supernatural voices that pronounced, 'Wo, wo, wo!' upon the city of GOD, before its destruction. In the distance I perceived a red cloud ascending into heaven, marking where the fierce element was raging, though too far off to allow the yells and unearthly noises that usually accompany such scenes, to be heard. How beautiful was the whole picture! Those roofs, glittering in the placid moonbeams, concealed from my view human beings who might be involved in the destruction which was sweeping on; and yet how securely did they sleep!—unmindful of that startling cry, which again, and again, in prolonged echoes, rings through the deserted streets! The flames rise higher, the cloud of living fire breaks over the adjoining dwellings—and the shout comes forth with a shorter and fiercer emphasis: '*Fire! fire! fire!*' Ha!—there *is* some one awake at last! There rolls out the solemn peal of the great bell. The watch-dog of the city has scented the coming foe, and from his lair is now baying forth his deep-throated warnings! Slowly and solemnly doth the howl burst forth from his capacious chest. Hark!—how it rolls away like distant thunder, bounding and rebounding from dome to dome! How various are the emotions excited by that rumbling peal! Here, the usurer springs from his anxious couch, where his dreams had been of wealth and successful speculation, and casting an eager glance toward the distant counting-house, thanks Mammon, his god, that *he* is not concerned. There, one of those blest creatures, whose existence proves that human nature is *not* utterly depraved, murmurs a thanksgiving for her own preservation, and a prayer for the poor wretches who may be driven from their homes and their beds on this wintry night, to seek in vain for shelter from the chilling breath of December. Thy prayer shall descend in blessings upon thine own head, lovely one! It is the tall store-house, and the rich merchandise, that the Destroyer is enfolding in his beautiful but deadly mantle.

Here, the rich man is hoping his property may rise in his neighbor's ruin. There, the insurer is tossing sleeplessly upon his couch. In yonder dim alley are many dark-souled men, who are exulting in the downfall of one who has been above them, and would fain reduce all to their own level, by a general destruction of property. More listen to that bell with pleasure, than would be willing to acknowledge it, even to themselves.

But the city is rapidly throwing off its drowsiness. Here and there a church-bell may be heard, adding its nervous alarum to the deep sullen boom of the great tocsin. Many a rapid tramp is re-echoed by the frosty pavement. Men are gathering together to see the work of destruction, or to assist in arresting it. And yonder comes an engine, rattling down the street, shaking the tall houses to their very lowest foundation stone. Another, and another, and another follow. What a perfect babel! Each has its bells jingling discordantly in the still air, and every man is exhausting his lungs in vain endeavors to yell louder than all his fellows; and some few are armed with brazen trumpets, such, it may be, as made the walls of Jericho fall down. What unearthly howlings and groanings!

> 'As if the fiends from heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner cry of hell!'

Go on, in mercy!—or never hereafter shall I know the nightingale from the screech-owl—the warblings of Fanti from a bacchanalian scream! Thank Heaven, they have decided at last which of two ways to choose, that were equally short, and once more we are in comparative silence. Footstep after footstep dies away in the distance, and Nature again comes down to take possession of the spot. Is she not beautiful? She is always so. But now, it is night—a calm, still, bright night: and look how gorgeously those wreaths of bright amber are circling in the moonlight! Wisely is it written: 'Riches take unto themselves wings, and fly away.' Methinks I see them burst from their thraldom; and hear their exulting laugh at their emancipation, as they shoot up into the free air, in golden vapor—floating away toward yon silver orb, to become a part of the unfettered element on whose wings the DEITY himself doth ride!

All nature is exulting in combination against thee, poor man! I seem to see the joyous eagerness with which the winds rush in from the four corners of the earth to despoil thee. Each after another snatches to its embrace a portion of thy spiritualized wealth, (as it appeared but now,) and darts far up into the blue ether, where the eagle's pinion hath never swept!

Even Neptune himself hath turned traitor to thine interests. The sparkling diamonds fall thick and heavily. Man's ingenuity can turn the river from its course, and rain it upon thy burning walls. But see! no sooner do the brilliant globules feel the influence of the fire, than *they*, too, catch the spirit of freedom, and bursting into vapor, join the merry flight of earth and air, shooting upward, and upward! Pour on the flood!—but it aids thee not. Mark those blue flames dancing upon the hissing stones: it is the water itself which burns! Fire and water have forgotten their ancient enmity, and are united to destroy thee! St. George and St. Dennis have struck hands for thy undoing. The lion and the oriflamme, in mockery of thy misery, together flaunt their heavy folds over thy funeral pyre.

Canst thou not learn wisdom from that glorious sight? An hour ago those crumbling walls contained a heap of wealth which thou calledst thine. Thou couldst see it, feel it, do with it according to thine own pleasure. Where is it now? It has thrown off the perishable medium which made it evident to thy earth-born senses, and is flying, invisible to thee, in the eternal expanse. An hour ago, a few feet of earth contained it all. Now, one wing floats murkily over the forests of the red man, wafting to Heaven the prayer acceptable to the Great Spirit, who watches over all his creatures alike; and in whose sight crowns and diadems are as tinsel and dross. The other fans the swelling sail upon the bosom of the 'deep and dark blue ocean.'

And is man of a meaner nature than his merchandize? One short hour ago, who could have told that those inert bales and boxes contained an immortal principle, that would soon burst from its confinement, and expand itself throughout these boundless regions? It was invisible, intangible, too subtle in its essence to be detected by mortal senses; yet was it there, confined in those narrow limits, waiting the destruction of its beautiful prison, that it might be free.

And is it not so with me? Have I not also an immortal essence, capable of endless expansion?—capable of enjoyments, of existences, of which I now know nothing? Is *this* the whole of my being? Do I not feel the soul within me struggling in its vain efforts to grasp what is beyond its reach? Do I not see a universe around me of which I am conscious I can now know as it were nothing? And is this wonderful display of secret agencies intended only to tantalize my fettered intellect? Have I not powers capable of knowing all things?—and are these powers never to be permitted to develope themselves? Oh! for knowledge! *I would see* the main-spring which causes the revolution of that bright orb, and those glittering gems! I would see whence the King of Day derives his heat and his light! I would see what makes the grass grow, the tree put forth its leaves, and the blossoms its fruit. I would see *how* this poor feeble body confines and cramps the swelling spirit within it; and *how* that spirit imparts of its own life to the clay.

But let me wait in patience. The time will come—I *know* it—when I too shall burst this thraldom; when I shall throw off this living mass of death, and then—*then* I will visit the stars; I will explore the universe; I will know—not every thing, GOD pardon me! but I shall be continually learning; for ever going onward, and onward, with archangel strides toward that refulgent throne of universal knowledge, on which sits God—the Creator—the Omniscient!

But while I stand here soliloquizing by my open window, the cold night air reminds me in language too forcible to be mistaken, that mind and matter are so conjoined that I may not neglect the rules of the latter with impunity to its nobler ally. So I will cherish thee, 'frail, failing, dying body,' for thou art a part of myself; and some there are, more deeply read than I in these mysteries, who would have me believe that thou, too, art immortal—that thou shalt re-appear in the great day when the 'Heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll;' and that we—thou and I—shall be united, one and indivisible, through eternity. It may be so. I know not of what changes thou art susceptible, and yet remain the same. The gem that sparkles upon the brow of beauty and royalty, and the vile refuse of my hearth, which the beggar might not touch, are one. The same—yet how different! And so it may be with thee. These are hidden things, into which I may not penetrate. Man's feeble powers are insufficient to comprehend the millionth part of the wonders which are exhibited to his view; and why should he presumptuously search after those that have been concealed?

Let me then rest satisfied in the full conviction, that as the mysteries of creation are infinite, so I am possessed of infinite capabilities for understanding them, and shall have an eternity in which to study them: that, as some good man has said, 'as the embryo in its mother's womb is endowed with organs of sense, which can avail it nothing till brought into the light and air of the world, so man has powers of intellect, capacities for knowledge and love, of whose existence even he is unconscious, until transplanted to those regions which are fitted for their development.'

Philadelphia. P. P.

* The present article was placed in type on the day preceding the memorable fire in December last; but the 'leaden representatives of thought' were melted away by the sublime element whose minor ravages they were arranged to depict. The copy was accidentelly preserved—but having been mislaid, was believed, until recently, to have shared the fate of several beautiful intellectual fabrics, which, to our sore mortification, were dissolved in the flames of that dreadful night.—EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

The good of wanting a Nose.—A man who has lost his nose, says an old Scotch Journal, has peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages: he cannot follow his nose, but then he cannot be said to be poking it into every thing. He cannot blow his nose, but then he saves pocket-handkerchiefs. He cannot be stuffed up his nose, but then he cannot take snuff, which is, however, another saving. If he goes to sleep, you cannot tickle his nose; and when he is awake, he cannot run his nose against a post. Let him drink what he will, he will never have a red nose, and never be exposed to the nickname of "Nosey;" and let him be as impertinent as he will, he may defy you to pull his nose. "Sir," said a man to another with a false nose, "I'll pull your nose."—"Sir," said he, "I shall put my nose in my pocket."